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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SEVEN

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The BOYS™

SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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GET SOME

part one

HMM.

PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO START AT THE BEGINNING. YOU'RE...THE ***TEK-KNIGHT,*** IS THAT CORRECT?

YES.

AND WHAT DO YOU DO?

DON'T YOU ***KNOW...?***

I MEAN I'M--I'M THE TEK-KNIGHT, I'M ONE OF THE FOUNDING MEMBERS OF ***PAYBACK...***

AH, I'M AFRAID I DON'T REALLY FOLLOW THE SUPERHEROES. ONE OF MY WIFE'S FRIENDS IS QUITE KEEN, SHE READS ALL THE MAGAZINES AND SO ON...

BUT WE SAVE THE WORLD ON ALMOST A WEEKLY BASIS!

INTERESTING THAT YOU SEE YOURSELF IN THAT LIGHT. GO ON.

...OH, GOD.

I KNEW THIS WAS A BAD IDEA.

IT'S JUST THAT AN EXAGGERATED SENSE OF--

LOOK, WE WERE ON PATROL OVER BAYONNE, OKAY?

"WE'D HAD A TIP-OFF THAT *FINAL FATE* WAS BRINGING A TERRORIST ARMY IN THROUGH THE PORT. STORMFRONT, MIND-DROID, SWATTO AND I WERE ON AERIAL RECON-- THE OTHERS WENT IN ON FOOT.

"COMPLETE WASTE OF TIME. WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO TURN FOR HOME...

"AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS, THE THOUGHT POPPED INTO MY HEAD LIKE IT WAS THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD:

HT.3003.29 M

SPD.253 KM/H

"MAN...HASN'T MIND-DROID GOT A *GREAT ASS?*"

PROXIMITY ALERT

PROXIMITY ALERT

JUST LIKE THAT, LIKE--PASTRAMI ON RYE BUT NOT TOO MUCH MUSTARD, MM-*MM,* OR *GO YANKEES,* OR WHERE CAN *I* GET A CAR LIKE THAT?

"LOOK AT MIND-DROID'S ASS, ISN'T IT GREAT?"

AND... THEN...

THERE WAS THIS...*OTHER THOUGHT...* AND IT WAS JUST LIKE THE FIRST ONE, IT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE BUT IT IT JUST MADE *PERFECT SENSE--*

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO... TO...WOULDN'T IT FEEL *SO GOOD* IF YOU...

PROXIMITY ALERT

PROXIMITY ALERT

"OH, GOD."

ARMOUR MANUALLY RETRACTED, SECTOR SEVEN FRONT

DO YOU WISH TO DEPLOY RELIEF TUBE

PROXIMITY ALERT

PROXIMITY ALERT

PROXIMITY ALERT

YOU... DID IT RIGHT THEN AND THERE?

THANK *CHRIST* WE WERE AT ALTITUDE.

THEY SUSPENDED ME, OBVIOUSLY. SINCE THEN IT'S BEEN A SIDE OF BEEF, MY NIECE'S CHINCHILLA, A HOLE I FOUND IN THE WALL OF MY CAVE...

DOCTOR, WHAT THE *HELL* AM I GOING TO *DO?*

HOW YOU DOIN', JAMIE?

YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, WEE PAL?

I MUST SAY YOU'RE DOIN' AWFUL WELL, CONSIDERIN'. MUCH BETTER'N I'D BE, IF...

AYE. WELL.

ANYWAY.

Hands off cocks and
On with socks

KANAL 2

TIME TO GO TO WORK.

GOD, ISN'T THAT MENTAL, JAMIE? ME WI' AN ACTUAL *JOB?*

HAMSTER CHOW

TRY AN' KEEP IT DOWN A BIT TODAY, JAMIE. NOT TOO MUCH O' YER WEE WHEEL, DON'T FORGET YOU'RE NOT REALLY ALLOWED IN HERE.

SEE YOU LATER THEN, PAL.

SEE YOU.

IS IT A GREAT ASS?

WHAT?

MIND-DROID'S ASS, IS IT GREAT?

HOW THE FUCK SHOULD I KNOW, HE'S A TELEPATHIC ROBOT! A ***MALE*** TELEPATHIC ROBOT!

I'M SIMPLY WONDERING--

I ***KNOW*** WHAT YOU'RE FUCKING SIMPLY WONDERING AND THAT ***ISN'T IT,*** OKAY? I'M NOT THAT WAY AND I'VE NEVER BEEN THAT WAY!

I THINK WE SHOULD AT LEAST EXPLORE THE POSSIBILITY...

HHHH.

DOCTOR, I'M NOT GAY. I'VE NEVER HAD ANY SUCH FEELINGS. I READ WIDELY SO I'M WELL AWARE OF THE POPULAR PSUEDO-PSYCHOLOGY ON THE SUBJECT, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU: I HIT NONE OF THE MARKERS AND FULFILL NONE OF THE STEREOTYPES.

SO CAN WE MOVE ON?

WELL, I CAN ASSURE YOU YOU'RE IN NO DANGER OF ENCOUNTERING PSEUDO-PSYCHOLOGY OF ANY KIND IN THIS OFFICE.

GOOD. GREAT.

I AM IN DANGER OF PERMANENT EXCLUSION FROM THE WORLD'S SECOND-GREATEST SUPER-TEAM. MY SISTER WON'T LET ME NEAR HER KID SINCE SHE CAUGHT ME BURYING THE CHINCHILLA. I ***NEED HELP.***

YOU RAPED IT TO DEATH...?

IT WAS AN ***ACCIDENT.***

I MEAN COULD YOU SURVIVE AN ELEPHANT COCK IN YOUR RECTUM? BECAUSE PROPORTIONALLY, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO MISTER CHINKY...

LET'S GO BACK TO THESE... THOUGHTS, FEELINGS, URGES THAT YOU MENTIONED. WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THEM AS OVERWHELMING?

NO.

NO, *OBVIOUS* WOULD BE A BETTER WAY OF PUTTING IT. COMPLETELY NATURAL. LIKE WHY ON EARTH WOULDN'T I DO THIS, YOU KNOW?

LIKE...WHY NOT MASTURBATE?

LIKE WHY NOT PICK MY NOSE. THERE'S NOTHING REALLY--I DON'T KNOW, LUSTFUL, SEXUAL, ABOUT THAT INITIAL IMPULSE.

BUT YOU ARE TUMESCENT DURING THE ACT.

YES...

SO YOU HAVE THE IDEA...

AND OFF I GO. END OF STORY.

THAT'S REALLY ALL THERE IS TO IT?

WELL... I...

GO ON.

I TALK DIRTY WHEN I'M DOING IT.

YOU KNOW. RAUNCHY.

SO AT THAT STAGE THERE *IS* A SEXUAL ELEMENT...

YES, A VERY LOUD ONE. LADDIO HEARD ME DOING THE TEK-MOBILE UP ITS TAILPIPE LAST NIGHT. THAT TOOK SOME CAREFUL EXPLAINING, I CAN ASSURE YOU.

FORTUNATELY HE'S NOT EXACTLY THE SHARPEST KNIFE IN THE DRAWER...

LADDIO?

MY BOY SIDEKICK.

DON'T *EVEN FUCKING GO THERE,* DOCTOR...

WELL, WHEREVER WE END UP GOING, THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF WORK. I'LL HAVE TO GET MY APPOINTMENT BOOK; ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ANY COFFEE?

I'M FINE.

THANK YOU.

RRAAAAAOOOOOOWW

...OH, NO.

IT WASN'T THE CAT, WAS IT?

I SEE YOUR PROBLEM.

MM?

DOES FRIDAY AT TWO WORK FOR YOU?

DO YOU HAVE ANY BURN CREAM OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

GET OUT. GET OUT OF MY OFFICE AND DON'T EVER TRY TO COME BACK.

PETIT HUGHIE! *GENIAL!*

'LO, FRENCHIE.

WHAT'RE THEY DOIN'...?

SAME THING THEY'RE ALWAYS DOIN'. WAITIN' FOR BUTCHER TO TELL 'EM TO FUCK SOMEBODY UP.

BUT WHY'RE THEY PLAYIN' MONOPOLY ON A CLUEDO BOARD?

'CAUSE THEY'RE A COUPLA CRAZY MUTHAFUCKAS.

OKAY...

DON'T BE LOOKIN' FOR NO LOGICAL SHIT 'ROUND HERE.

HE TOLD ME THEY WERE THE MUSCLE WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE. I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT 'TIL I SAW IT FOR MYSELF.

YEAH.

BETTER THEY'RE HERE WITH US LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW? I MEAN THE FRENCHMAN'S JUST CRAZY, BUT THE FEMALE...SHE'S *DRAWN* TO PUTTIN' A HURT ON FOLKS. THAT'S HOW COME SHE WAS WORKIN' FOR THE MOB, SHE'S GOT NO IDEA HOW TO STOP DOIN' WHAT SHE DO.

LITTLE BIT SAD.

HUH.

DO THEY HAVE NAMES?

THE FRENCHMAN AN' THE FEMALE? THE FRENCHMAN AN' THE FEMALE.

AIN'T NOBODY KNOWS SHIT ABOUT EITHER OF 'EM, HUGHIE. 'LESS BUTCHER GOT SOMETHIN' HE AIN'T MENTIONED.

WHICH AIN'T TOO GODDAMN UNLIKELY, TRUTH BE TOLD...

SO THEY JUST SIT HERE, AN'...WAIT TO BE LET LOOSE.

THAT IS A WEE BIT SAD, ISN'T IT?

'LEAST THIS WAY THEY AIN'T RUNNIN' ROUND OUT THERE. ALLA THAT VIOLENCE AN' SHIT GETS DIRECTED AT ASSHOLES DESERVE IT.

'KAY, HE WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM HERE IN AN HOUR. YOU KNOW HOW TO GET THERE?

M TRAIN TO BAY PARKWAY?

EH?

YOU WIN THE STAR PRIZE, BABY.

SLIX 5th Ave

AW, *FUCKIN' GREAT...!*

YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN MEANIN' TO ASK WHY YOUZ ALL WEAR THESE...

SLIX 5th Ave

IT'S SO WE LOOK LIKE A PACKA SCARY HARD FUCKIN' BASTARDS, MATE.

THINK IT'S WORKIN' YET? D'YOU FEEL HARDER AN' SCARIER?

WELL I DEFINITELY FEEL A BIT TALLER...

THERE YOU GO.

NEXT TIME WE GET IN A BARNEY, HUGHIE, JUST TWAT ANYTHING NOT WEARIN' A BLACK OVERCOAT. YOU'D BE AMAZED HOW MANY TIMES THAT'S SAVED THE DAY.

AYE, WELL I'M HOPIN' THAT'S NOT GONNA BE ANY TIME SOON, YOU KNOW?

YOU! YOU PUT THAT *FUCKIN' BOBA FETT DOWN* OR I'LL BREAK YA *FUCKIN' NECK,* YA LITTLE COCKSUCKUH!

I--I WASN'T--

I CATCH YA STEALIN' FROM ME AGAIN I'LL BUST A BASEBALL BAT OVAH YA HEAD AN' STICK THE SPLINTUHD END UP YA *ASS,* MUTHA*FUCKUH!*

WHAT'RE WE GOIN' IN *HERE* FOR...?

SOMEONE I WANT YOU TO MEET.

BUT-- BUT--!

WHAT, YA GONNA FUCKIN' *TALK BACK TA ME NOW?* SEAN, TEAR UP THIS FUCKIN' MUTT'S ORDUH CARD! TEAR UP ALLA THE BOOKS IN HIS FUCKIN' ORDUH!

DO IT YASELF, YA LAZY MUTHAFUCKUH...

FUCK YOU...

FUCK *YOU...*

YOU STILL HERE, *FAGGUT?* GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE, I'LL CRACK YA SKULL OPEN AN' SHIT IN YA FUCKIN' BRAINPAN...

BUTCHUH! YA LIMEY BASTUHD, HOW THE FUCK ARE YA?

HELLO, LADS.

HUGHIE, THIS IS GUISEPPE MCGUINEA...
AN' THAT'S HIS BROTHER, SEAN.
HEY, HUGHIE. WATCH OUT FUH THIS GUY, HE'LL FUCK YA INNA ASS AS SOON AS LOOK ATCHA.
YO.
HE AIN'T QUITE READY FUH YA, BUTCHUH. 'BOUT FIVE MINUTES, OKAY?
NO RUSH, MATE.
YOU WANTED ME TO MEET *THEM?*
EH? OH FUCK, NO, THEY JUST RUN THE PLACE. NO, IT'S THE BLOKE DOWNSTAIRS, YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE.
C'MON AN' WE'LL HAVE A LOOK 'ROUND.
COMICS...
YOU READ 'EM?
ONLY WHEN I WAS WEE.
HIGHLY ENTERTAININ'.
THIS IS WHERE THEY PUT OUT THE OFFICIAL VERSION, HUGHIE. PUBLIC GETS TO READ ABOUT THRILLIN' HEROICS AN' CRUSADERS FOR JUSTICE, AN' IN THE MEANTIME THE SUPES GET ON WITH ALL THE HORRIBLE SHIT THEY'RE REALLY DOIN'.
HIGHLY ENTERTAININ', AS I SAID.
'SPECIALLY IF YOU'VE GOT THE INSIDE SCOOP.

POOF.
DYKE.
POOF, POOF, POOF. DYKE. POOF. BOTH POOFS, YOU'LL HARDLY BE SURPRISED TO HEAR. POOF.
SHE'S GOT A COCK...HE'S IN THE KLAN...CAPTAIN *DATERAPE*, MORE LIKE...*MANDELA X*-- BLACK POWER MY ARSE, THAT BLOKE'S HAD MORE WHITE PUSSY THAN YOU AN' ME'LL SEE IN OUR LIFETIMES PUT TOGETHER...
POOF... DYKE...KIDDIE-FUCKER... POOF...
WAIT A MINUTE, EVEN I'VE HEARDA *HIM.* HE DIED SAVIN' THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE.
CHOKED ON *CUM*...
HIM THERE? FULL-BLOWN AIDS. KNEW HE HAD IT, DID NOTHIN' ABOUT IT, INFECTED AT LEAST THREE GIRLS THAT I KNOW OF.
SO I CUT HIS DICK OFF, AN' TO THIS DAY THE SAVIOUR OF HELL'S KITCHEN'S BEEN SITTIN' DOWN TO PISS...
WHAT?
FUCKSAKE, THIS IS LIKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF A NIGHTMARE...
HENCE THE COMICS.
WORKS FOR US TOO, MATE. I MEAN THERE'D BE NO POINT TRYNNA BLACKMAIL A BLOKE EVERYONE ALREADY KNOWS IS A CUNT, WOULD THERE?

HIYA, T.K.!

HELLO, LADDIO...

SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, BIG GUY?

YOU WANNA HIT THE WEIGHT ROOM--GOOD HARD WORKOUT, REALLY *PUMP* THOSE BLUES AWAY?

NO THANKS, LADDIO. YOU GO AHEAD.

AW, C'MON! LET'S GET THOSE JUICES FLOWING!

ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO--

ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO--

OH, SHIT.

HEY BUTCHUH, YA CAN GO ON DOWN NOW...

CHEERS, MATE.

HAW.

YO 'SEPPE, AIN'T THIS THE ONE YA LIKE JERKIN' OFF TA?

HAW.

FUCK YOU, YA FUCKIN' DOUCHE!

SO WHO'S THIS WE'RE...?

WELL, WHEN THEY STARTED DOIN' THE COMICS IN THE FIFTIES, THEY NEEDED SOMEONE WHO CAME FROM PUBLISHIN' TO RUN THE OFFICE. HE'S THE BLOKE GOT THE JOB.

AN' WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE SUPES IS NOT WORTH KNOWIN', BELIEVE YOU ME...

WHAT'S HIS NAME?

HE HASN'T GOT A NAME, MATE. HE'S GOT A LEGEND.

HE *IS* A LEGEND...

ARISE, MJOLNIR...!

WHAT THE *HELL...?*

OH, BOLLOCKS--!

GOD *DAMMIT,* HOW ABOUT A LITTLE *FUCKING PRIVACY...* OH, *SHIT,* I BET THIS IS THOSE MICK-WOP SONS OF BITCHES' IDEA OF A *FUCKING JOKE...!*

SORRY, MATE--

AH, THE HECK WITH IT, IT'S LIKE TRYING TO SHOOT POOL WITH A LENGTH OF *GODDAMN ROPE...*

GET YOUR TEN BUCKS FROM THE APE AT THE COUNTER, SWEETHEART. SAME TIME NEXT WEEK.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH...

TEN-HUT, TROOPERS!
EH?
LET THE WORD GO FORTH...!
OH, NO, MATE--
NO, NO, HE'S NOT--
WELCOME TO THE WONDROUS WORLD OF *FOUR-COLOR FANTASTICA!* REEL FROM THE *SURPRISE SOUTHPAW OF THRILLS* THAT NEVER FAILS TO SUCCEED!
AND REMEMBER NEVER TO MISS AN ISSUE WITH--GODDAMMIT, BUTCHER, WHAT THE HELL IS IT...?
HE'S NOT A FAN, MATE.
HE'S THE NEW LAD.
OHHH...
WELL NOW.
BACK IN BUSINESS AT LAST.

YOU KNOW, THAT JUST MIGHT MAKE THIS A LITTLE EASIER...

YEAH, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE. WHAT'S THIS YOU WANT US TO LOOK INTO, THEN?

MY SISTER'S GRANDSON. LITTLE ***SWISH.*** SOMEONE PITCHED HIM OFF A ROOFTOP SIX MONTHS BACK.

FRANK JOHNS IN THE ONE-NINE SENT THAT OVER. HE SAYS THE P.D. AIN'T EXACTLY BUSTING THEIR ASSES LOOKING FOR THE PERP...

SO...YOU CAME TO THE BLOKE WHO TAKES THE CASES THE COPS WON'T TOUCH? THE MAN WHO STANDS FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE NO MATTER WHAT?

WHAT THE FUCK'RE YOU GIVIN' THIS TO ***ME*** FOR...?

'CAUSE FIRST OF ALL, ***YOU OWE ME.***

AN' SECOND OF ALL, HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BENDIN' OVER FOR ***THIS*** SON OF A BITCH.

SWINGWING...?

TEK-KNIGHT'S BOY.

I THOUGHT THAT WAS LADDIO...

THIS PUNK WAS THE *FIRST* LADDIO. HE'S SINCE *GONE ON* TO BE SWINGWING.

ADVERT

YOU'RE *OUT OF TOUCH,* MY FRIEND. YOU WANT BACK IN THE GAME, YOU BETTER LEARN TO TELL YOUR *SIDEKICKS* FROM YOUR *TEEN SENSATIONS...*

AN' THIS IS ME WAY BACK IN, I SUPPOSE.

ALL RIGHT, IT CAN'T HURT TO GIVE IT A READ...

YOU WON'T REGRET IT, PARD.

GOOD TO KNOW YOU, KID. SORRY ABOUT THE MIX-UP, I HATE ALL THAT *COMIC-BOOK CRAP...*

OH AYE?

REMINDS ME OF ALL THOSE *COCKSUCKERS* I OUTLIVED...I EVER *TELL YOU* ABOUT THOSE *FUCKS?*

UH--

THAT *FAGGOT* THEY NAMED THE AWARDS AFTER...AND THAT *GODDAMNED INGRATE* HAD THE *BALLS TO SUE ME*--WHAT'S THE MATTER, *BUDDY,* LITTLE *DARK* IN THERE...?

WHICH D'YOU WANT, THE COMIC OR THE FILE?

THE FILE.

NAH, SORRY, MATE. BUT I'LL LET YOU BUY THE PIZZA WHILE I'M READIN' IT.

SOMEONE HAD TO BE IN *CHARGE,* GODDAMMIT...

GEE, T.K., I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE SENDING ME ON A *HERO QUEST...!*

WELL, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT IT IS TO BE A MAN--TIME YOU, TIME YOU, TIME YOU WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD AND PROVED YOURSELF, AH...

AND YOU REALLY WANT ME TO VISIT *ALL* THE SUPERGROUPS?

THERE'S A LOT THEY CAN TEACH YOU. NOW--

THE SEVEN? THE MIDWEST GUARDIANS? TEENAGE KIX AND THE YOUNG AMERICANS? EVEN THE *G-MEN?*

THE G-MEN, G-FORCE, THE G-NOMADS, THE G-BRITS, G-WIZ, EVERY SINGLE LAST ONE OF THEM. THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE.

BUT THAT COULD TAKE *YEARS...*

GOOD! LET IT! *GO,* LADDIO!

JUST GO!

YOU GOT IT!

JESUS *WEPT...*

THAT WAS *WAY* TOO CLOSE.

IN THE NAME OF GOD ALMIGHTY--

ISN'T THERE *ANYONE* WHO CAN HELP ME?

THIS IS *ABSOLUTE SHITE...*

COMICS, MATE. THEY ROT YOUR BRAIN.

I'm Serious... This Is The Real World.

next: POLITICALLY INCORRECT...